

THE
WISH.

Written by Dr. W. POPE,
Fellow of the ROYAL-SOCIETY.

Hæc satis est orare Jovem. Hor.
----- Nil
Divitiæ poterint regales addere majus. Idem.

The Third Edition,
Being the Only Correct and finish'd Copy.



L O N D O N:
Printed for THO. HORNE, at the South
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To the Right Honourable
CHARLES
Lord Clifford,
Grandson and Heir to
RICHARD
E. of Burlington and Cork,
AND
One of the Gentlemen of His
Majesties Bed-Chamber.

My Lord,
THE Honour and Respect which I
had for your Lordship's Father, is
not wholly unknown to you ; as also with
what Condescension, Familiarity and Kind-

The Dedication.

ness he always used me. I own, those Days which I spent in his Lordship's Conversation in *France*, were without Comparison the very best Part of my Life. I design'd to have made my Gratitude Public; and to that End, Compos'd a small Treatise, and Dedicated it to him, which he not only saw, but was also pleas'd graciously to accept: But before I could get it Printed he died, to the great Loss of the Public and all good Men; but to none so much as me, for my Damage is irreparable, unless your Lordship succeeds him in his Favour to me, as you do in his Honour and Vertues, which I hope, but dare not expect.

I humbly present your Lordship with this Copy of Verses, an Earnest of something of a greater Bulk, but I dare not say of a better Composition; for if the Approbation of my Friends has not impos'd upon my Credulity, and my Taste does not deceive me, this is the most kindly and palatable Fruit that ever my Cultivation has produc'd: I wish it were worthy your Acceptation; however, I hope I am excusable, having offer'd

The Dedication.

fer'd to your Lordship the best of my Substance. I conclude, begging pardon for my Presumption, and praying Heaven to continue and increase the Felicities of your Noble Family. I am,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most humble,

and obedient Servant,

W. POPE.

THE

The Dedication.

And to your Lordship the best of my
thanks. I conclude, begging pardon for
my presumption, and praying Heaven to
continue and increase the felicity of your
Noble Family. I am,

NO 1002

Yours Lordship's most humble,

and obedient Servant,

W. BOPE.

THE

THE
PROLOGUE
TO THE
WISH.

BEING A

Parafrase on these Verses of *Horace*.

*Q*UID dedicatum poscit Apollinem
Vates, quid orat? de patera novum
Fundens Liquorem? Hor. Ode 31. Lib. 1.

*Me quoties reficit gelidus Digentia Rivus,
Quem Mandela bibit, Rugosus frigore Pagus,
Quid sentire putas? Quid credis Amice precari?
(Id. Ep. 18. Lib. 1.*

B

When

The Prologue to the Wish.

That is,

When Poets, offering at *Apollo's* Shrine,
Out of the sacred Goblets pour new Wine,
What do they wish? what do they then desire?

When 'I'm at *Epsom*, or on *Banstead-Down*,
Free from the Wine, and Smoak, and Noise
o'th' Town,

When I those Waters drink, and breath that
Air,

What are my Thoughts? What's my con-
tinual Prayer?

THE

THE W I S H.



If I live to be Old, 'for I find
I go^d down,
Let this be my fate. In a
Country Town,
May I have a warm House,
with a Stone at the Gate,
And a cleanly young Girl to rub my bald
Pate.

C H O R U S.

May I govern my^e Passion with an absolute
Sway,
And grow^d wiser and better as my Strength
wears away,
Without Gout or Stone, by a gentle Decay.

Krom en stijf, van Ouderdom gheboghen,
Crooked and stiff, and bow'd with Age.

*La lunga Eta m' imbianchi il Crine,
E la Vecchiezza pur in' incurvi, e preme.*

B 2

Petr.
Fedendo

*Veden do la notte, e'l verno a tato.
E dopo le Spalle, i mesi Gai. 1. Petr.*

That is,

With Snowy Hairs, Temples with Furrows plow'd,
And by the Weight of Years my Body bow'd.
Winter and an eternal Night come on,
And all my merry Years and Days are gone.

*2 Labuntur anni, nec pietas moram
Rugis, & instanti senectæ
Afferet, indomitaque morti. Hor.
Ocyor Cervis, & agente Ventos,
Ocyor Euro. Id.*

That is,

Years fly away, nor can our Piety stop
The approach of wrinkled Age, and certain Death.
Swifter than Harts, or Wind.

Ocyor & Cæli flammis, & Tigride sæta. Lucan.

That is

Swifter than Lightning, and Tigris new with
young.

*Son giunto a'l loco,
Ove vita scende, chi al fin cade. Petr.
Sondo Jo cola giunto ove declina.
L' Etate omai cadente, a la vecchiezza. Id.
La vita fugge, e non s' arresta un' hora,*

E la

E la Morte vien dietro a gram giornate. Id.

Morte gia per ferir ha' alzato il braccio,

Per l' est re megiorate del mia vita.

Rotto da gli anni, e d'ul camino stanco. Id.

Volan l' hore, e i giorni, egli anni, e i mesi,

E con brevissimo intervallo,

Habbiamo a cercar altri paesi. Id.

E bien che il giorno che la vita serra

Sia forse assai vicino e non previsto. Tasso.

La vita fugge, e la morte e soura le Spalle. Petr.

La morte s' appressa, e el viver fugge,

I di miei piu leggier che nissun Cervo,

Fuggon come ombre. Id.

I di miei piu correnti che Saetta.

Fra miserie, e peccati,

Se son andati e Sol morte n' aspetta.

Non corse mai si lieuamente a'l varco.

Di fugitivo Cervo un Leopardo. Id.

Non posso il giorno che la vita serra,

Antiveder per la corporea Vela,

Ma variar si il pelo.

Veggio, e dentro cangiar si ogni desire,

Hor che l' me credo al tiempo de'l partire,

Esser vicino: o non molto d' a Lungo. Id.

Mai non uscì Veltro di Catena,

Ne mai Saetta, d' Arco fu mandata,

Ne Falcon mai d' al Ciel discese a Valle,

Che non restasse a lei dietro alle Spalle. Boiardo.

Falcon mai non fu sì veloce

Quando da'l Ciel in giu con gran ruina

Vien a la preda rapido e feroce. Agostini.

Si presto s'en fugge e si leggiero,

Ch'è tardo a seguirlo, once o'l pensiero. Q. Marini.

Puì lento di molto e men Veloce

Giran Turco, o Parto, da grand' ossa arcata,
 Da concavo mettal globo di piombo.
 E da racchiusa Valle il Turbo Sbocca,
 O da Squarciata nube il fulgor Scotca,
 Rondine sopra rio Vola men presta. Bracciol.
 Non si rapida mai Cerva da l'onde,
 Dare il' Arcier attende a rivolge il piede,
 Ne d' avanti a Sparrier per l' arria pura,
 Sua salute a cercar Tortora Vola. Idem.
 E va men presto,
 Fulgore che per nube ardendo scoppia. Idem.

Ons tijt gael, als cen snelle stroom.
 Ond zijn als skhymmen van cen droom.
 Jac. Cats.

Which may be thus Translated.

I am thither come,
 Where Life makes haste down, and grows near
 its end.
 In my Old Age, and with one Foot i'th' Grave.
 Life flies apace, and does not rest one Hour,
 And Death makes great Marches to overtake her,
 With his hand lifted up ready to strike.
 In the last Day of Life,
 Broken with Years, and tired with the long Way.
 The Hours, Days, Months and Years do swiftly
 pass.
 All of us here in a small Space of Time,
 Must march from hence, and other Quarters seek.
 I can't foresee the last Day of my Life,
 Altho perhaps it may not be far off,
 Life flies away and Death treads on his Heels.

Life

Life flies, and Death comes nearer every hour;
 My Days are swifter than a Hart or Arrow.
 No Lepoard ever ran so fast
 After a flying Bear.

I can't foresee thro' my corporeal Veil,
 The precise Day whereon my Life shall end;
 But I perceive by my chang'd Hair and Thoughts,
 There's little distance betwixt me and Death.
 The fleetest Greyhound slipt after a Hare,
 The Arrow shot with great strength from a Bow,
 The Falcon stooping at his Prey i'th' Air,
 Are Slow, if with Life's Swiftness they compare.
 Time's Course so nimble is, and light,
 No Leopard, nor no Thought can move so fast.

Much more flow,
 Are Arrows sent from *Turc* or *Parthian* Bow.
 Faster than Globe of Lead
 From Concave-Metal, or Lightning flies from
 Heaven;

Swallows upon a River fly more flow.

Faster than a Hart,
 Who's seen a Huntsman, with his Gun in hand;
 Faster than from the Hawk a Turtle flies
 To save her Life, or Lightning from the Skies;
 Time passes faster than the swiftest Stream.
 Our Life is as the Shadow of a Dream.

*3 O Rus quando ego te videam? quandoque licebit
 Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno & inertibus horis;
 Ducere sollicita jucunda oblivio vitæ?*

That is,

Oh Country! when shall I retire to thee,

With

With a few Books well chose, and a true Friend,
Free from the Hurries which great Towns attend;
Lead such a Life the Gods shall envy me?

⁴ By the help whereof I may mount my easie Pad Nag, mentioned in the Third Stanza; in the West of England they call it an *Upping stock*.

⁵ *Quæ non offendat sordibus.* Hor.

That is,

One whose Look may not turn your Stomach.

⁶ *Animum rege, qui nisi paret
Imperat, hunc frenis, hunc tu compesce catenis.*

That is,

Over your Passions keep a watchful hand,
For if they don't obey, they will command.

Lenior & melior sum, accedente Senectæ. Hor.

That is,

Milder and better may I be
The nearer I approach to my Last Day.

II.

May my ' little House stand on the ² Side of
a Hill,
With an easie Descent to a Mead and a ³ Mill,

That

That when I'be a mind I may hear my Boy
read,

In the Mill if it rains, if it's dry in the Mead.

May I govern, &c.

Parvased apta Domus.

That is,

A little but convenient House.

Cheto annidarmi in retirato Albergo.

Senza mai paventar d' Arme od' Armati,

Forze, insidie, rapine, Oltraggi, aguati. Imp.

That is,

In a retir'd and quiet Cell,
From Soildiers free, and dire Effects of Arms,
Thefts, Robberies, Murders, Insults, Rapes,
Alarms,

May I in Peace and Safety dwell.

Cui siu di giunco il suol, di Canne il Muro,

E di fraschi, e di paglie il tetto intesto,

Consumero congioia il tempo, e le hore,

E fia che Forida d' auer bel cerchio al meno

Si non di Lauro il Crin, d' uliva il Seno. Imperiale.

That is,

In quiet Cottage with green Rushes pay'd,

And wall'd about with Reeds together joyn'd,

C

Cover'd

Cover'd with Straw, or Boughs o'th' Neighb'ring
Trees,
I could spend all my Life in Joy and Ease,
And tho' to crown my Head no Bays I find,
The Peaceful Olive shall adorn my Mind.

*Beato chi in parte Erme, e lontane,
Chi d'al Vulgo, e dal mondo, hor ti sequestri,
E'l vasto mar de le miserie umane
Mirando vai da quelli scogli Alpestri,
Bella tranquillita, che men villane,
Le belue sono, e gli animal Silvestri
Che non e' l'uom, men fido e men Sincero,
Che quanto fera e' men, tanto e' piu fera.
Qui non palchi dorati, O marmi impressi.
Con pompa d' arte imitatrice appare,
Ma bella di natura, erbe, cipresse,
Palme, Valli, boschetti, apre piu rare.
Fontane a rivo rami e spesse
Cantan semplici Augei note piu chiare.
Che'l finto suon di lusingtuera voce,
Ch' a'l Orecchie piacendo, al' Alman uoce. Bracciolini.*

In English thus,

Happy are they, if any such there be,
Who live retir'd from worldly Business free,
In some remote and solitary place,
Sequester'd from the Vulgar and the VWorld.
Who see with Scorn from the Alps snowy Tops,
The immense Sea of human Misery:
Oh blest Tranquility! Oh heavenly Life!
And better Company of Beasts than Men!

For

For Men less faithful are, and less sincere,
 The best Man comes the nearest to a Beast.
 Instead of Marble Pillars here are seen
 Tall Pyramids of Cypress always green;
 Than arch'd and gilded Roofs, the azure Sky
 Heaven's Canopy, yields more Delight to th' Eye,
 Palms, Myrtle Groves, Green Valleys, Moun-
 tains, Hills,
 And Springs branch'd into various murmuring
 Rills.

Here the untaught Bird sings his natural Song,
 More valuable than *Sirens* vocal Art.
 Pleasant to th' Ear, and hurtful to the Heart.

¹ Neither on the Top, or the Bottom; the
 best situation for a House or a City, affording both
 Conveniency of Cellars, and a Descent to carry
 off the Waters.

² It will be thought the Old Man has made a
 very ill Choice of a Mill to hear his Boy read in;
 but they who make this Objection, either know
 not, or at least do not consider, that Noise helps
 Deafness, which is incident to Old Age. That this
 is a Truth, both Experience and Reason evidence.

I have known several who could hear little or
 nothing in their Chambers, but when they were
 in a Coach rattling upon the Stones, heard very
 well. I also knew a Lady in *Essex*, whose Name
 was *Tyrrel*, who while she had occasion to dis-
 course, used to beat a great Drum, without which
 she could not hear at all; the Reason whereof is
 this, The most frequent Cause of Deafness is the
 Relaxation of the *Tympanum* or Drum of the Ear,
 which by this violent and continual Agitation of
 C 2 the

the Air, is extended, and made more Tight, and Springy, and better reflects Sounds, like a Drum new brac'd.

III.

Near a shady Grove, and a murmuring
Brook,
With the Ocean at ² Distance, whereon I
may look,
With a spacious Plain, without Hedge or
Stile,
And an easy Pad-Rag to ride out a Mile.
May I govern, &c.

Et paulum silvæ super his foret. Hor.

That is,

And on my Land a little Tuft of Trees.

Et tecto vicinus fugis Aquæ Fons. Id.

That is,

And near my House a Spring that always flows.

*Fons etiam Rivo dare nomen idoneus, ut nec
Frigidior Thracum, neq; purior ambiat Hebrum.* Id.

Labuntur altis interim ripis aquæ,

Fontesq; lymphis obstreant manantibus,

Somnos quod invitet leves. Id.

— *Per pronum trepidans cum murmure rivum.* Id.

Levis crepante lympa defilit Pede. Id.

Unde loquaces.

Lymphæ defiliunt. Idem. The

The Sense whereof is this,

And a Spring fit to give a River Name,
Colder than it none are in *Thracia* found,
Clearer than it none *Hebrus* Hill surround.
The Noise of Water tumbling down the Hills,
And bubbling of the Springs provoking Sleep,
Runs murmuring as if it were affraid.
Runs nimbly down the Hill and Music makes
With creaking of its liquid Shoes.
VVaters in their Descent talking aloud.

*Un Fonte ch' a bagnar invita
La labbra, alto cader da vivo sasso.*

That is,

A Clear Spring issuing from a Rock
Inviting thirsty Travellers to drink.

Chiara Fontana

*Sorgea d' un sasso, e acque fresche e dolce
Spargea souamente mormorando. Pet.*

That is,

A copious Spring pouring down from a Rock,
Its Waters cold as Ice, and clear as Cristal.

*Il roco mormorar di lucid' onde
S' ode de una fiorita e fresca riva.*

That

That is,

Upon the cool and flowry Bank of th' River
We heard the hoarse Sound of the murmuring
Waters.

*La fonte discorrea pe'l mezzo d' un Prato
D' arbore antichee, e belle ombre adorno
Ch' i viandanti co'l mormorio grato
A ber invita, e far seco soggiorno.*

That is,

A silver Stream
Runs through the Field with shady Trees adorn'd,
And by its gentle Murmurs seems to invite
The Passengers to drink, and stay all night.

*Quel roco suon, chi fuor discioglie
Il mormorante strepitoso Rivo.*

That is,

The hoarse Sound of the rapid River.

*Il mormorio del Acque,
Chi da'l collo vicin, di sasso in sasso,
A scherzar cala, placidetta, e fresca. Imper.*

That is,

The murmuring Noise of the cold pleasant Stream,
Sporting and leaping from one Stone to another.

Chiari

*Chiari Rivi mormorando intorno
Sempre l' erbe vi fan tenere, e nove,
E rendea ad Auscultator dolce concerto,
Rotto tra picciol sassi il correr lento. Ariosto.*

That is,

*Clear murmuring Rivers pass,
Filling the Vale with Flowers, Herbs and Grass,
And to the Travellers sweet Music make,
When they ride Post over the rattling Pebbles.*

*Rive correnti di fontane vive,
Al caldo tempo, giu per l' erbe fresce. Petr.*

That is,

*Rivers descending from perpetual Springs
I th' Heat o'th Year refresh the scorched Grass.*

*Il murmurar di liquidi Cristalli,
Giu per lucidi, fresci, rivi, e snelli. Petr.*

That is,

*The murmuring Sound the liquid Cristal makes
When it runs swiftly in cold lucid Streams.*

*Da'l cavo sen d' inaccessibil rupi.
Traboccar un Rio, ne la profonda Valle
E cresciuto in torrente, infra quei sassi
Muover con roco suon tumidi i sassi. Gratiani.*

That

That is,

To see a small Stream, from a hollow Rock
Grown to a furious Torrent in the Vale,
Move proudly, murmuring at every step.

*Scorrea del verde prato, al lato manco,
Un lompido Ruscell, che dolce invita
Con l' acque pure, in sul' estiva rabbia
Facea de i Viandanti al arse Labbia.*

That is,

Through the Green Field a River runs,
And courteously all Travellers invites
To drink its Waters, wholesome, cool, and clear,
And quench their Thirst in the great heat o'th'
Year.

Neptunum procul à terris spectare furentem. Hor.

That is,

Safe upon Land to see the raging Sea.

*Factantibus aquora ventis,
E terra, magnum alterius spectare Laborem
Tua sine parte pericli.
Non quia vexari quemquam est jucunda voluptas,
Sed quibus ipse malis careas, quid cernere suave est.
Lucr.*

That

That is,

To him that's safe, 'tis pleasant to behold
Seamen in Storms, labouring to save their Lives,
Not that another's Misery affords us Pleasure,
The Pleasure comes from this, that we are safe.

IV.

With Horace and ¹ Petrarch, and Two or
Three more
Of the best Wits that reign'd in the Ages
before.
With ² roast Mutton, rather than Ven'son or
Teal,
And ³ clean tho' coarse Linen at every Meal.
May I govern, &c.

¹ A famous *Italian* Poet, who flourished in the
Thirteenth Century, he was one of the first
Restorers of Learning. The Author of this *Wish*
has begun to write his Life, and designs (God
willing) in a short time to publish it.

² Simple and parable Meat.

Parabilem amo venerem. Hor.

That is,

My delight is in things easily procur'd.

*Accipe nunc victus tenuis qua quantaq; secum
 Afferat, imprimis valeas bene, nam varia res
 Ut noceant homini credas, memor illius esca
 Qua simplex olim tibi sederit, ut simul affis
 Miscueris Elixæ, simul conchylia Turdis.
 Dulcia se in bilem vertent, stomachoq; tumultum
 Lenta feret pituita, vides ut pallidus omnis
 Cæna desurgat dubia, quin corpus onustum
 Hesterni vitiis, animum quoq; prægravat una,
 Atq; affigit humi Divinæ particulam Auræ.*

Which may be thus Translated.

Learn the Effects of spare and simple Diet,
 First it preserves thy Health, which various Meats
 Destroy, you'll grant this when you call to mind
 How easily you digested Oxford Commons.
 If you mix boyl'd, roast, fry'd, and Flesh with
 Fish,
 Sweet things turn Choler, and Flegm loads the
 Stomach.
 Behold how pale, how sickly they appear
 Who spend their Nights in Feasts, their Days in
 Sleep,
 But that's not all, the worst is yet behind,
 Their diseas'd Bodies influence the Mind,
 And nail to th' ground that Particle of Jove.

*Pago il cor di poco, il suo ben crede
 Pascer su parca ma pulita mensa
 Più di piacer che vivande il corpo
 In vece de più lanti chiari Cibi,
 Onde s' aggrava il' nauseato Gusto,
 E onde ohime la Vita altrui si accorcia. Imper. That*

That is,

He with Content at his own Table fits,
 Serv'd with clean Linen and with common Meat,
 Eating no more than what suffices Nature,
 And thence with Appetite rises to his Studies,
 Taking more care to feed his Soul than Body,
 Variety he shuns and new-found Dishes,
 Which bring their Thousands to untimely Death.

*Ne turpe toral, ne sordida mappa
 Corruget nares, ne non & Cantharus & Lanx
 Ostendat tibi te. Hor.*

That is,

Left the foul Table-cloth and dirty Napkins
 Should make you loath your Meat.
 Left you should see your Face i'th' greasy Plates.

Et mundus victus non deficiente crumena. Id.

That is,

Clean Diet and some Money in my Purse.

*Mundaq; parvo sub laze pauperum
 Cæna. Hor.*

That is,

And cleanly Suppers in a homely Cottage.

*Pauperies immunda domus procul absit, ego utram
 Hor. D 2 Nave*

Nave ferar magna an parva ferar unus & idem. Hor.

That is,

From *unclean* Poverty's Attacks secur'd,
'Twill be all one to me to make the Port
In a small Wherry or a first rate Ship.

V.

With a ¹ Pudding on Sundays, with stout
humming Liquor,
And Remnants of Latin to welcome the
Uicar,
With ² Monte-Fiascone or ³ Burgundy Wine
To drink t^e ⁴ King's Health as oft as I dine,
May I govern, &c.

¹ The the Poet never eats any, he provides this Dish for his Guests, but principally in observance of the old *English* Custom, to let no Sunday pass without a Pudding. From this, and many Passages before, it is evident that he is a very superstitious Fellow.

² A Town in *Tuscany* celebrated for good Wine, and the Epitaph of a *Dutch* Man buried there; all the Books which treat of Travelling through *Italy* relate the story at large. But since it may be new to some who shall read this, I will set it down in few words; A *Dutch* Traveller with his Servant lighted at the Inn which lies out of the Town, and thence sent his Servant into it to find the best Wine,

Hor.

Wine, ordering him to write *Est* upon the door of the House wherein he found good Wine; where he found better, *Est, Est*; where the best, *Est, Est, Est*; The Servant obey'd his Commands punctually. The Master follows, and finds the Tavern bearing this last Inscription, and drank so much, that it cast him into a Fever whereof he died. His Servant buried him in the Church, engraving upon his Tomb-stone this Epitaph, which is still to be seen there;

Est, Est, Est.
Propter nimium Est,
Jo. de Fuc. D. meus mortuus est.

That is,

Here lies my Master, due East and West,
 By taking too much of *Est, Est, Est.*

³ *Beauln*, A Town in the Dukedom of *Burgundy*, famous for a magnificent Hospital, and the excellency of its Wines, which are incomparably the best in *France*, if not in the World.

Experto crede Roberto.

That is,

I do not speak this by hear-say.

⁴ So *Horace* writing to *Augustus*.

Hinc ad vina redit letus & alteris
Te mensis adhibet Deum.

Te

*Te multa prece, te prosequitur mero,
 Diffuso pateris, & Laribus tuum
 Miscet nomen, ut Gracia Castoris,
 Et magni memor Herculis.
 Longas ô utinam Rex bone ferias
 Praestes Hesperia, dicimus integro
 Sicci mane die, dicimus Uvidi
 Cum nox Oceano subest,*

This may be thus Paraphrased,

When second Course comes in,
 Then we begin
 To bless the Gods and Thee, mingling your
 Names,
 With many Prayers, and Glasses fill'd with Wine,
 We drink your Health, crying King live for ever.
 Not Hercules, nor Castor ever found
 Such Love in Greece, as thou in English ground,
 For the World's good, may Heavens preserve
 thee long.
 This is our sober, and our drunken Song,
 Our first i'th' Morning, and last Prayer at Night.

VI.

May my Wine be Vermillion, may my
 Malt-drink be pale,
 In neither extream, or too mild or too stale,
 In lieu of Deserts, Unwholsome and Dear,
 Let 'Lodi or Parmisan bring up the Bear.
 May I govern, &c.

¹ *Laus Pompei*, a wonderful fertile Town in the Dutchy of *Milan*, whose Cheese is of greater Fame than *Parmisan*.

VII.

Not ¹ *Corr*, or *Whig*, *Observer* or *Crim-*
mer

May I be, nor against the Laws torrent a
Swimmer.

May I mind what I speak, what I write,
and hear read,

But with matters of State ne'er trouble
my Head.

May I govern, &c.

¹ Those odious Names of Distinction kindled great Animosity and Strangeness, and even Hatred betwixt Friends and Relations, which are not (I fear) yet thoroughly extinguished.

VIII.

Let the Gods who dispose of every King's
Crown,

Whomsoever they please set up and pull down,
I'll pay the whole Shilling impos'd on my
Head,

Tho I go without ¹ *Claret* that Right to my
Bed.

May I govern, &c.

¹ If that should happen it would be a shrewd Affliction to the Poet.

IX.

I'll bleed without grumbling, tho' ¹ that
Tax should appear

As oft as New Moons, or Weeks in a Year.
For why should I let a seditious Word fall?

² Since my Lands in ³ Utopia pay nothing
at all.

May I govern, &c.

¹ A Poll Bill.

² A good Encouragement to pay for his Head,
&c.

³ A Place in Jupiter, or the Moon, or some other
of the Planets, for it is not to be found in the Map
of the World.

X.

Tho' I care not for Riches, may I not be so
poor,

That the Rich without shame cannot enter
my Door,

May they court my Converse, may they
take much delight,

My ² old Stories to hear in a Winter's long
Night.

May I govern, &c.

¹ *Pauperemque dives me petet.*

² *Aniles ex re fabellas.* Hor.

That

That is,

Let the Rich look after me.
Old Stories aptly applied.

XI.

My small stock of Wit may I not misapply,
To flatter Ill Men, be they never so high,
Nor mispend the ³ few Moments I steal from
the Grave,
In fawning and cringing like a Dog or a
Slave.
May I govern, &c.

³ *Quel poco viver che m' avanza. Petr.*

That is,

The small Remainder of my Life.

XII.

May none whom I love, to so great ¹ Riches
rise,
As to slight their Acquaintance, and their
old Friends despise.
So Low or so High may none of them be,
As to move either Pity or Envy in me.
May I govern, &c.

¹ *No de Dios tanto bien a nuestros Amigos que nos
desconoscamos.*

A Spanish Proverb, In English thus,

Let not God make our Friends so Rich as to forget us.

XIII.

A friendship I wish for, but alas 'tis in vain,
Jove's Store-house is empty, and can't it supply,

So firm, that no Change of Times, Envy,
or Gain,

Or Flattery, or Woman, should have Power
to unty.

May I govern, &c.

XIV.

But if Friends prove Unfaithful, and Fortune a Whore,

Still may I be Virtuous tho' I am Poor,

My Life then as useless, may I freely resign,

When no longer I relish true Wit and good

Wine,

May I govern, &c.

' Fortuna sevo leta negocio,

Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax.

Transmutat incertos honores

Nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna. Hor.

Laudo manentem, si celeres quatit

Pennas, resigno qua dedit, & mea

Virtute me involvo. Hor.

Hinc

*Hinc apicem rapax**Fortuna cum stridore acuto**Sustulit, hic posuisse gaudet. Hor.**Something to this purpose.*

Fortune delights to play her cruel Game,
 And, as the Wind, is never long the same;
 But to change Favourites always is inclin'd,
 Sometimes to me, sometimes to thee she's kind.
When thou thinkst thou hast her as sure as a Gun,
She'll up with her Scut, and away she'll run.
 I am well pleas'd while she vouchsafes to stay,
 But if she claps her Wings and scuds away,
 What I've receiv'd I patiently lay down,
 And wrap my self in my own Vertue's Gown.
 Fortune flies wantonly about the World,
 And changes Crowns and Kingdoms every day.

XV.

To out-live my ¹ Senses may it not be
 my Fate,
 To be Blind, to be Deaf, to know nothing
 at all,
 But rather let Death come before 'tis so late,
 And while there's some ² Sap in it, may my
³ Tree fall.
 May I govern, &c.

¹ May I not lose my Sight, my Hearing, and
 my Memory, and be a Burden to my Friends,
 and my self, *Telluris inutile Pondus*, a dead unuse-
 ful Burden to the Ground.

*Diguai pieno, d' angosie, e fatto in tutto.
Spiacevol, e molesto a tutti, anzi a me medesimo,
Petr.*

That is,

In Pain and Anguish, altogether troublesome
Not only to my Friends, but to my self,

Ultima semper

*Expectanda dies homini est, dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo supremamq; funera debet. Ovid.*

That is,

No Man can be call'd Happy till he's dead,
'Tis the last Hour denominates the Life.

If you tell an *Italian*, such a one is a rich, or
happy man; he'll reply, *Dammi lo morto*, as much
as to say, Let me see him dead, and then 'twill
be evident whether he is or not; before that,
no true Judgment is to be made.

³ Some corporeal and intellectual Vigour.

⁴ May I dye,

XVI.

I hope I shall have no occasion to send
For Priests or Physicians till I am so near
mine End,

That

¹ That I have eat all my Bread, and drank
my last Glas,
² Let them come then, and set their Seals to
my Pass.
May I govern, &c.

¹ The Poet alludes to a Tradition among the
Turks, who believe, that when any one is born
in the World, there is such a Quantity of Meat
and Drink set before him, which when he has
consumed, he must die. The Moral whereof is,
He that desires to live long, must be sparing in
his Meat and Drink.

² That I may die.

Canonicamente e con tutti gli ordini,

That is,

Die regularly, observing all the Ceremonies,
Formalities, and Punctualities, *A la Coustume*,
which is, according to our barbarous Translation,
To a Cow's Thumb.

XVII.

With a Courage undaunted, may I face my
last Day
And when I am dead may the better sort say,
! In the Morning when sober, in the Even-
ing when mellow,
He's gone, and left not behind him his Fel-
low.
May I govern, &c.

! *Dicimus*

¹ *Dicimus integro
Sicci mane die, dicimus Uvidi,
Cum nox Oceano subest.*

That is,

This is our sober, and our drunken Song.
Our first i'th' Morning, and last Prayer at Night.

*S' io vissi in guerra, e in tempesta,
Morai in pace, e in porto, e se la Stanza
Fu vana, almen sia la partita honesta. Petr.*

That is,

Tho I have liv'd in War, and in a Storm,
Oh may I dy in Peace, and in a Port.
Tho the first Parts I acted on Life's Stage
Were vain, may my last *Exit* make amends.

XVIII.

Without any ¹ Noise when I've pass'd o'er
the Stage,
And decently acted what part ² Fortune gabe,
And put off my ³ Vest in a ⁴ chearful Old
Age,
May a few honest Fellows see me laid in my
Grave.
May I govern, &c.

¹ *Secretum iter & fallentis semita vita. Hor.*
Nec vixit male, qui natus moriensq; fefellit. Idem.
That,

That is,

He Happy is who liv'd and dy'd unknown.

² *Quem dederat cursum Fortuna peregi. Virgil.*

That is,

I've run the Race by Fortune me assign'd.

³ My Garments of Flesh, wherein I acted my Part on the Stage of the World, when the Farce is done, and the Curtain drawn.

*Al por gin di questa spoglia Petr.
Lasciando in terra le squarciete vele. Idem.*

That is,

When I put off my tatter'd Rags,
And leave them here behind me on the Earth.

*Quando de terreno
Carcere uscendo, lascirai ta e sparta
Questa mia grave, e frate, e mortal Gonna. Petr.*

That is,

When I'm releas'd out of this Mortal Prison,
Leaving my heavy, frail, and mortal Gown.

*E quel velo,
Che per alto destin mi venne in sorte. Id.*

That

That is,

That Veil that Heavens appointed me to wear.

+ Precor integra

*Cum mente nec turpem senectam
Degere, nec cithara carentem.*

That is,

In a chearful Old Age, and my Senſes entire.

XIX.

I care not whether under a Turf or a Stone,
With any Inſcription upon it, or none,
If a thouſand Years hence, ' Here lies W. P.
Shall be read on my Tomb, what is it to me?
May I govern, &c.

The Poet preſumes he ſhall have a very ſhort
and modeſt Epitaph if any, only the two firſt Let-
ters of his Name.

*S'el Latino o'l Greco
Parlan di me dopo la morte, a un Vento. Petr.*

That is,

If the Romans or Grecians ſpeak of me after my
death, 'tis but Wind.

Yet one Wish I add, for the sake of those ¹ few
Who in reading these Lines any Pleasure
shall take,

May I leave a good ² Fame, and a sweet
smelling Name.

A M N. Here an End of my WISHES
I make.

C H O R U S.

May I govern my Passion with an absolute
Sway,

And grow ⁷ wiser and better as my Strength
wears away,

Without Gout or Stone, by a gentle Decay.

¹ *Non ut me miretur turba Laboro.*

Contentus paucis Lectoribus.

That is,

I design not to be read by many, nor covet the
Applause of the Populace.

² *Qua post Fata venit, Gloria sera venit.* Mart.

That is,

Fame comes too late when it comes after Death.

Tho' Fame will not concern me after I am dead,
B yet

yet I wish for it, because it will be a Pleasure to
my surviving Friends.

Si quos superesse volunt Dii. Hor.

That is,

If I do not (which has happen'd to many Old
Men) out-live all my Friends.



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